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# ANSWER

TO THE

PHOENIX of ULSTER.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

II. Ulster's Complaint against *Bankruptcy*.

III. *REILLY's Praise of his Lovely Molly*.



MONAGHAN: Printed in the Year 1739.

# Reilly's praise of his Lovely Molly.

**Y**E swains be attentive unto these few verses,  
 Compos'd by an amorous swain,  
 In praise of a fair one by whom I'am ensnair'd,  
 A captive to Cupid I'am chained;  
 Her equal by mortals has never been known,  
 In Monaghan, Cavan, Fermanagh or Tyrone,  
 For features and nature, I assure you there is none,  
 That can equal young *Molly M'Koan*.

Nigh to Cootehill in the county of Monaghan,  
 It's there my sweet Phoenix doth dwell,  
 Of no mean extraction but nobly descended,  
 As many admires can tell;  
 It was my hard fortune this fair one to see,  
 Ntill that same moment from love I was free,  
 But now I am bound and no relief for me,  
 By my charming sweet *Molly M'Koan*.

Her hair linked like gold wavering over her shoulders  
 Her cheeks red as roses in June,  
 Her Eyes bright as diamonds, her Lips the coral,  
 Her skin white as lillies in bloom;  
 Her teeth like the ivory well set in her head,  
 Her Limbs they are streight and her waist slender made  
 All art was employ'd in adorning this maid,  
 Call'd beautiful *Molly M'Koan*.

Fairest of creatures if with estimation,  
 You look on your captive young swain,  
 By cupid ensnair'd of senses beraved,  
 And you the whole cause of my pain;  
 Let no false delusion be Lodged in your breast,  
 Be kind as you're fair and for ever I am blest,  
 For without your favour I'm for ever oppress'd,  
 You are my charming young *Molly M'Koan*.

Were I like to Pliny or learned Socrates,  
 Or Plato that poet of old,  
 Could I write like Virgil, or indite like the Muses,  
 By me her praises could not be told;  
 Cupid shot the dart and well aimed it at me,  
 I am bound and no mortals from death can me free,  
 But you that's the model of fair chastity,  
 By my charming young *Molly M'Koan*.

If I am the maid that can free you from danger,  
 No longer enslaved you'll be,  
 I count it a pleasure my jewel to ease you,  
 And to your request I agree;  
 If I am the cause now no longer complain,  
 To Death I'll be loyal, my love be the same,  
 No mortal on earth my affections will gain,  
 So be true to your *Molly M'Koan*.

Ever blest be the day when first I beheld you,  
 And your love first made known unto me,  
 Your beautifull carriage and genteel behaviour,  
 My heart loon engaged to thee;  
 Now in wedlock bands our joys we'll renew,  
 Untill which here's my hand I will always be true,

To all other lovers I now bid adieu,  
For contented is Molly M'Kean.



ALLEY FERRIS's Complaint, being an  
answer to the  
*PHOENIX of ULSTER.*

**Y**OU hard hearted maidens I pray give  
attention,  
I hope you'll be ruled by me,  
My mournful subject it is no invention,  
Which proves now my sad destiny;  
I courted have been by a young man of late,  
But my cruel parents his person did hate,  
Which makes me in sorrow lament my sad  
fate,  
For my lovely sweet Jemmy O.  
My love it was always sincere to my  
jewel,  
Though he of the same little knew,  
For to please my parents my answers were  
cruel,  
So he from my presence soon flew;  
And he for my sake has cross'd over the  
main,



And left me behind him to weep & complain;  
 Kind Heaven protect him and lend him  
 again,

To his love wounded Alley O.

I before my sweet Jemmy appeared more  
 braver;

Than all maidens in this country,

The Phoenix of Ulster's the name he me  
 gave, or,

Otherwise his lovely Alley;

While that my dear Jemmy remained in this  
 Isle,

I to my true lover ne'er granted one smile,

For which cruel Cupid my heart did beguile,

For my beautiful Jemmy O.

Alas! to my sorrow that I went to Newry,

Where I first beheld my dear swain,

Which unto my parents have caused such  
 fury,

My lover they basely disdain;

At night when all maidens in pleasure does  
 sleep,

Poor Alley in sorrow laments and does weep

For sake of my Jemmy who sails on the  
 deep,

From his love wounded Alley O.

-Alas ! cruel parents that caused my jewel,  
 In sorrow from me to depart,  
 You to your own daughter has proved quite  
 cruel,  
 You shortly will break her poor heart ;  
 For were I a lady of ten thousand a year,  
 I'd part with it all for the sake of my dear,  
 I shall ne'er be enjoyed by Lord Duke or  
 Peer,  
 From my lovely sweet Jemmy O.

If I don't get tydings from my own true  
 lover,  
 I'll search for him both far and near,  
 Unto America I mean to sail over,  
 And if I don't find out my dear ;  
 Into some desert I mean for to hie,  
 Where I will in sorrow lament grieve & cry,  
 Alas ! Alley Ferris for love you must die,  
 For your beautiful Jemmy O.

#### ULSTER'S Complaint against Bankruptcy.

**Y**OU are welcome here dear William, come sit  
 down here by me,  
 I hope you have good tydings from the North-Country ;  
 Provisions now are plenty through each town and city,  
 Yet I fear Ulster is ruined by cursed Bankruptcy.

Dear Michael your observation alas it is too true,  
Our noble trading merchants has now great cause to  
rue.

That e'er they gave their gold for bills which caus'd  
their destiny,

Which had they kept they'd ne'er be broke by cursed  
bankruptcy.

'Tis known in Ulster I did live there in a decent  
way.

My creditors always me found them ready for to pay;

But to my grief I've ruined my wife and family,

My cash is gone to them has got the act of bankruptcy.

My shop-goods they being near run I bills then did  
provide,

My money for them I out did lay which did me ill be-  
tide;

But Dublin merchants did them object and them back  
sent to me,

With sorry news that them did sign has now got  
bankruptcy.

'Twas upwards of one thousand pounds these bills  
to me have cost,

My merchants I'm unable to pay my credit being lost;

My shop I was oblig'd to shut and leave my family,

Who may curse them that first began the act of bank-  
ruptcy.

I fear some of these bill-men false oaths they had  
to take,

I wish such wicked actions all christians may forsake;

If they don't think of their poor souls they'l then weep  
 And curse the day that they did get the act of bank-  
 ruptcy.

There's eminent shop-keepers this act is forc'd to get,  
 By rogues has gave them bills for cash which has them  
 ill beset ;

Let none this hint I pray take ill which is spoke here  
 by me,

I mean none but them that has sworn false for to gain  
 bankruptcy.

It was a roguish bill to pass in Irish Parliament,  
 Many a decent family has reason to lament ;  
 That e'er the Lords and Commons with one voice did  
 agree.

To pass a bill to ruin trade by cursed bankruptcy.

I hope the house of Commons this act will look into,  
 And cause our Irish trading for to flourish anew ;  
 My advice to them would do good Hibernia would  
 soon see,

If Parliament repeal the act of roguish bankruptcy.

F I N I S.

